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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 2.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., FEBRUARY 23, 1876.

NO. 7.

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thickest of the wood, for they knew that Jack would know the way back if they should get lost. One day they cut down a number of small spruce trees, and put them together like an Indian tent, a picture of which they had seen, bound together at the top, and filled in all the open spaces with rushes and long grass that grew near by. It made a very nice tent; and they then brought in bundles of dry branches and grass for beds, until they thought they would as lieve be lost as not, with so much to make them comfortable. But they got tired of it at last, and then went home.

Among other things which they did, they set traps for rabbits and birds; and though they seldom caught anything, they hoped they might. The winter was about setting in, and there had been a slight fall of snow, when one day they saw near their house the tracks of several rabbits; and they thought they would go out and look after their traps and see if any little animals had got into them. Jack had that day gone to town with his master; so the boy determined to go without him. They went away before dinner, and as their kind mother feared they might be hungry, she did them up a large bundle of bread and other things to eat, telling them to be careful and be back in good season.

The day was clear and bright, and they went away very happily into the woods. They went here and there, looking at their old traps and making new ones, when, before they knew it, the sun was hid by clouds, a sudden wind rocked the trees, and snow began to fall very fast. They were a good way into the woods, but made no great haste to return, and when they tried to find the way out the snow had covered the ground, and they did not know which way to go. They were now really lost, and they felt afraid that they should die in the forest and never see their mother again. But they kept walking and walking till they were so tired they could scarcely move; when, just as they were about sinking down on the snow, one of them cried out:

"Why, Tom, here is our Indian hut that we made last summer."
"So it is, Bill," said Tom, joyfully. "And we will go in it and stay until the storm is over. I guess it will not snow much."

So they went in, and found it just as they had left it—as nice a little hut as need be for protection against the snow and wind, which they heard roaring among the trees. The snow kept falling, and as the boys peeped out through the door they could scarcely see a foot before it, it was so binding, as it was blown about by the wind.

It grew darker and darker, and thus they knew it was night; but they were brave boys and had talked so much about dangers and being lost in the wood that they were not downhearted, and their only thought was for their poor mother, who they knew would be almost crazed on their account. But they ate some of the bread their mother had given them, and then they scraped together in the dark the grasses, that were now hay, which they had picked in the summer, and, saying their prayers, covered themselves with the grass and lay down to sleep in each other's arms.

The next morning, when they awoke and tried to look out, they found their hut entirely covered with snow. They could not get an opening through large enough to see outside, and then they began to feel discouraged. They were only ten and twelve years old, and many an older heart would have sunk under such fearful circumstances—shut up in darkness, with not one hope of escape.

The youngest boy, Bill, began to cry. But Tom tried to cheer him up, though he felt very badly himself.

"Don't cry, Bub," he said. "There will be some good fairy come along at the right time and find us."
Billy cheered up a little at this, and they both tried to eat a little of what they had left of their provisions; but it was not much. The air was very close in the hut, shut up as it was by the snow. Then Tom took the longest stick he could find, and, standing on Billy's back, who got on his hands and knees, he reached up and managed to push a hole through the snow on top of the tent. But the snow blew in so that he had to use his cap to keep it out.

So they passed another day and night. And in the morning they were both very sad. They thought of their mother, and how she must grieve for them, and wondered if they would be found when the snow was gone and the grass was green around them, and how good old Jack would feel when he should see them, when they heard a great scratching and whining overhead where the cap was. And in a moment more a large hole was made in the roof, through which the light came, and a dog's black muzzle was seen and a pair of black eyes looking kindly down upon them, and a wonderful bark, that said as plain as dog could speak: "Don't be afraid. I am here."

Then the dog—for it was Jack—set up a furious barking outside, and seemed to run away and then come to take another look at them.
"It is our fairy!" cried Tom. "We are saved, Billy, by the fairy. Good Jack! dear Jack! bully Jack! Ten thousand thanks, Jack!"

Then Jack nuzzled in the snow and whined, and pushed his head further in; but did not dare to jump. Voices were heard outside now. And soon the boys heard men shoveling toward the tent, and they felt that they were indeed saved. They shouted in their joy; and the men outside shoveled the faster, till by and by a shovel made an opening into the tent, and Jack's master leaped in, with a great cry of delight.

The widow had gone through the snow and told the neighbors of the loss of her boys; and they had all turned out to find them as soon as the storm was over. They never would have found them, however, if Jack had not been there. He remembered the tent in the forest, and as soon as he guessed what they were in search of he dashed away to find it, which he did, and his barking called the neighbors to it.

How grateful the widow was at the escape of her boys, and Jack was always a most welcome visitor to her house. He never lost the name the boys gave him of the Black Fairy. B. P. Shillaber, in N. Y. Independent.

[From the Courier-Journal.]
On Tuesday Mr. Disraeli announced in the British Parliament the bill to confer the title of "empress of India" upon Queen Victoria. This was foreshadowed in the Queen's speech last week, when she said:

At the time that the direct government of my Indian Empire was transferred to the crown, no formal addition was made to the style and title of the sovereign. I have deemed the present a fitting opportunity for supplying this omission, and a bill upon the subject will be presented to you.

Victoria has been called "Queen of Great Britain and the Colonies" since November 1, 1858, when the East India Company's domination in India ceased, and the governor of that country was then called the viceroy. The title of empress of India is a stylish one and befitting the sovereign of the British Empire.

Pinchback's case still hangs fire in the Senate. Senator West, who controls the Louisiana patronage (being the only senator from that State), is doing all he can to keep Pinchback out. Morton is afraid to bring the subject to a vote, because he knows there are enough Republican senators opposed to Pinchback to prevent his admission. If Pinchback is voted out, a Democratic senator will be elected by the Louisiana Legislature. If the election can be delayed in the Senate until the Louisiana Legislature adjourns and Pinchback is then defeated, Gov. Kellogg (if he is not impeached by that time) can appoint one of the Grant group—probably Casey or Packard. The Pinchback case is a complicated one, and Pinchback himself is sick with hope deferred.

Secretary Fish, it seems, has offered the services of our Government to Germany in the settlement of the difficulty of that power with China about the schooner *Ara*, which fell into the hands of pirates near Foo-Choo, and was plundered, after her crew had been murdered. We had better keep on our side of the fence, and let Germany settle her own business with China.

The bottom of the steamship *Great Eastern* was lately examined and found to be covered, below the water line, with an enormous multitude of mussels, clustered together in one dense and continuous deposit, in some places six inches thick. It was ascertained that their average weight per square foot was twelve or thirteen pounds, which would make the weight of the entire mass three hundred tons!

A Hard Question.

A man called at the office of lawyer McGinn the other day, and after introducing himself, said:

"Mr. McGinn, I want to state a case to you. A little while after the war broke out, I concluded that as a citizen I had a duty to perform in behalf of my bleeding country. I had heard the call to arms, and my soul was filled with a fierce desire to strike a blow against the enemies of my native land. In a short time my resolution was taken. Arranging my business, I embraced my family, huddled on my neck, and, shouldered my musket, breathed an aspiration for my country's success, and with a firm resolution to defend the right at all hazards, marched to the recruiting station where heroes were gathering for the fray, and there bought a substitute for \$275. I gave him my musket and my blessing; I told him not to desert me by cowardice, but to face the foe as I would have done, and sent him to the front, while I returned to my family and wondered what would have become of Freedom but for the bravery of her children."

"It is a wonder," said Mr. McGinn. "Yes, sir. Well, that substitute went to the war. In one of the fights he was shot in the leg, and it had to be amputated. He bore it like a man. I couldn't have done it better myself. And then he came home to stay. Now, of course, when a soldier has his leg shot to pieces he is entitled to a pension. And the point I want to get at is, who is to get that pension, the substitute or me? Now, it strikes me I am the right man to have it. Who is that man? He is my agent! He represents me. Virtually he was me. When he fought in the ranks it really was me fighting; it was really I that lost the leg, therefore it is actually I that am entitled to the pension. Doesn't it strike you that way?"

"I dunno," said McGinn. "There's something in the way you state it. You are entitled to the principal in the transaction, and the substitute also is entitled to it as the man who lost the leg. The Government is obliged to pay both of you the same pension; but as it can only pay one of you, the question is which one shall it pay?"

"Yes so; and I say it ought to pay it to me. When I handed the man \$275 then he got his full dues."

"I'll tell you how you can get at it," said Mr. McGinn. "If that man really represented you, you would have been dead in the eye of the law if he had been killed, and if he should die now your friends would be justified in burying you."

"That seems to be straining the thing a little."

"Not at all. Well, now, I'll get you that pension if you'll agree to creep into a coffin and be carried out to the cemetery, and hustled into the grave as soon as that substitute dies."

"I guess I won't accept. I'll drop the matter as it stands. The man has consumption and chronic liver complaint."

"Well, I'm going to have you buried anyhow, when he steps out. That's the law."

"Then you must excuse me. I'll skip the country," and Mr. McGinn's warrior left the office suddenly, and has never put in an appearance since. —*Max Adder, in N. Y. Weekly.*

AN OLD SETTLER'S YARN.

How Billy McKinney Happened Not to Serve in the War of 1812.

[Cor. Madisonville (Ky.) Times.]

Seeing a request from you for items concerning our old men, I will give you a few items of one of the first settlers of our county. The subject of this sketch, Billy McKinney, was born in — county, North Carolina, about the year 1792. His father emigrated to this county when he was three years old, bringing Billy and a sister two years older in a couple of hamper baskets strapped across a horse. That same horse carried the household and kitchen furniture besides, and was led by the old lady, the father carrying a rifle, with which he supplied their daily provisions. He reached this county in the fall of 1793, and settled on Clear creek, where he spent his time between cultivating a small farm and hunting. Billy grew up much as other young men of the country, and though he may have been proof against hardship and rough living, yet he was not against the smiling face and black eyes of Miss Polly Alexander, a young lady who lived near by. In fact, he

was completely captivated. As many of the young men of the present day do, he seemed to live only in her smiles. But alas! for human happiness—the cause of true love never did run smooth. Although he had proposed and been accepted, just before the time for them to be married there came a call from the government for troops, and as bad luck would have it, Billy was drafted. When the fatal day arrived for the rendezvous Billy went over to take leave of his lady love, but found it simply impossible. An officer sent a sergeant with a pose after him, with an order to bring him right along, as they had to start immediately for New Orleans. The house in which Miss Polly lived was a small log cabin, one room, one door, puncheon floor and clapboard roof. The furniture was in keeping with the house: straight-post bedstead, three-legged stools with no backs and other things on the same order. When the sergeant got within fifty yards of the house the dog barked, and Billy went to the door and was seen by the whole party. They all thought they had him sure enough, and so thought Billy. The latter walked back to the fire, told Polly it was all up with him. But there is many a slip between the cup and lip, especially where a woman is concerned, and that sergeant had reckoned without his host, for there was never a more striking instance of the ready wit of woman in a case of emergency. She told Billy to sit down in the corner and draw his feet up under him, then she sat down on his head and shoulders, spread her skirts over him, completely concealing him, and went to knitting away as calmly as if she had been sitting on one of the three-legged stools, as indeed the conscripting party thought she was. The officer searched the cabin from bottom to top, and though he knew he saw him, he had to go away without him. They left the next day, and Billy was left, and lost an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the battle of New Orleans, but he married Polly, and was still living a few years ago.

Stick to Your Business.

Young man, stick to your business. It may be you have mistaken your calling; if so, find it out as quick as possible, and change it; but don't let any uneasy desire to get along fast, or a dislike of your honest calling, lead you to abandon it. Have some honest occupation, and then stick to it; if you are sticking types, stick away at them; if you are selling oysters, keep on selling them; if you are at law, hold fast to that profession; pursue the business you have chosen, persistently, industriously, and hopefully, and if there is any thing of you it will appear and turn to account in that as well or better than any other calling—only, if you are a loafer, forsake that line as speedily as possible, for the longer you stick to it the worse it will "stick" to you. —*Scientific American.*

A young girl, about as pretty as they grow 'em, went into a Cedar Rapids music store and asked the clerk, inquiringly, if he had "A Heart that Loves Me Only?" "No," he said, "but here's 'A Health to the Mary.'" "That won't do," but before she turned to go she asked: "Have you 'One Sweet Kiss Before We Part?'" That Cedar Rapids clerk looked up and down the store; the book-keeper was out, the boss was upstairs trying to sell a Granger a wheezy old melodeon, and so he leaned over the counter and turned out about half a dozen of the best and most artistically finished articles that the astonished young lady had ever been offered in a job lot. She didn't say much, but she went out of the store in a step and a half, and rubbed her cheeks thoughtfully all the way home. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The other evening a Vicksburg husband went home and told his wife that it pained him more than he could tell to see her cheeks so pale, her step so slow and her eyes so sad. "You need a few weeks in the country to restore you to health," he added as he patted her head. She looked at him with pity and contempt, and there was a warning in her voice as she replied: "William Henry, don't you try to play that on me! When I commence to complain it will be time for you to speak up. It's my opinion that you'll have to be home at nine o'clock every night this summer, and that you won't get a chance to go on any excursions and pretend that you are a widower." —*Vicksburg Herald.*

Half Dog, Half Cat.

[From the Houston (Texas) Telegraph.]

Nature sometimes plays fantastic tricks that begot the wonderment of man. The strangest freak of the usually staid dame that we ever beheld she has just performed in this city. — Mr. Thompson, who lives on Caroline street, not far from Congress, has a little black-and-tan terrier bitch that gave birth to a litter of puppies about fifteen days ago. One of these puppies is not all a puppy. It came into "the world not more than half made up"—that is, "not more than half made up" as a puppy, nor "more than half made up" as a cat. From its shoulders back it is a pretty, plump black-and-tan terrier pup. From its shoulders (inclusive) forward it is a cat. Its forelegs and feet are those of a cat, its feet having long claws, with the contractile muscles of a cat. Its neck, head and ears are exactly like a cat's, the cat portion of the animal being white. On its shoulders are the marks of scratches, as though a cat had made them. It meows, growls and spits the same as a cat, and strikes with its paws the same as a cat does. On its mouth it has whiskers two inches long like a cat. It can't walk, but drags itself along by its claws, and its always scratching on the floor, as a cat often does. It seems to be perfectly healthy, is fat and playful, but never ceases its mewings like a kitten. — The mother seems fonder of it than of any other of the puppies, and constantly shows her affection for it. Mr. Thompson is going to give the other puppies away, and do all he can to raise this strange anomaly in nature.

A Scourge in the Sheriff's Office.

A newly elected Sheriff was sitting in his office and eyed a haggard. He held in his hands a stack of manuscript representing the applications of eight hundred and seventy-nine candidates for position as deputy sheriff, each one of whom said he had worked for him at the polls, and had gained him all the way up from two hundred to one thousand votes from their personal friends who did not vote the Democratic ticket.

A man attired in a blue shirt, with a paper collar and red nose, entered the office, and grasping the hand of the tired official, greeted him cordially. "Ah, Mr. Sheriff, but it's glad I am to see you looking so hearty; don't you know me?"

"I don't think I do," remarked the official, "although there is something in your face that is familiar to me."

"Ah, Mr. Sheriff, I thought you'd know me. I worked all day at the election, and got you one thousand votes, and I come for that place."

"Well, I am sorry to say that I have already promised all the places at my disposal."

"Oh, give me a place; I don't care what it is."

"Oh, by the by," said the Sheriff, with a malicious grin in his eye, there is a place, but it is not worth much, and I don't think you'd take it."

"Ah, Mr. Sheriff, I'll take anything; I don't care what kind of a place it is. Tell me what it is, and I'll jump at it with my coat off."

"All right," said the Sheriff; there is a Chinaman going to be hanged at the jail next month, and he wants somebody to take his place. I think it will suit you."

The man with the red nose ceased to smile, and asking the Sheriff for a quarter to pay for his lodging that night, he left the office and mingled with the throng of would-be Deputy Sheriffs on the outside.

The Centennial Appropriation Bill.

Appropriating a million and a half—having passed both Houses of Congress last week, has probably by this time received the signature of the President and become a law. This insures that the International Exposition at Philadelphia will be carried out on a grand scale. It is hardly to be doubted that those of Paris and Vienna will be laid in the shade. A grand German International Exposition at Berlin will be next in order; then a Russian one at St. Petersburg or Moscow; an Italian at Rome; a Turkish at Constantinople; an Egyptian at Cairo; and so on, all around Europe and America, again and again, until the millennium is finally ushered in, say, about the year of our Lord 2000. —*Yeoman.*

A western man says that figures won't lie unless they happen to be on a gas meter.

Gen. Lee and His Children.

While at Petersburg in the winter of 1864, Gen. Lee attended preaching at the crowded chapel, and noticed a little girl, dressed in faded garments, standing just inside the door and timidly looking around for a seat. "Come with me, my little lady," said the great soldier, and you shall sit by me." And taking the little girl by the hand, he secured her a comfortable seat at his side.

Rev. W. H. Platt, who was rector of St. Paul's church during the war, gives the following: "One day in Richmond a number of little girls were rolling hoops on the sidewalk, when word was passed from one to another that Gen. Lee was riding toward them. They all gathered into a still group to gaze upon one of whom they had heard so much, when to their surprise, he threw his reins to his attending courier, dismounted, kissed every one of them, and then, mounting, rode away, with the sunny smiles of childhood in his heart and plans of great battles in his mind.

Once, in Petersburg, he called to see a child in whom he felt a special interest, and finding her sick, begged to be shown to her room. When the mother, who was at a neighbor's for a moment, came home, she found him at the bedside of her sick child, ministering to her comfort and cheering her with his words.

In calling one day in Petersburg upon the accomplished wife of the gallant and lamented A. P. Hill, his bright little girl met him at the door and exclaimed, with that familiarity which the kind-hearted old hero had taught her: "Oh, General Lee, here is 'Baby Lee' (holding up a puppy); do kiss him." The general pretended to do so, and the little girl was delighted.

Gen. Lee's love for children was proverbial; and he never lost an opportunity of showing it.

While Congress is debating the various aspects for the Centennial Exhibition, and nations are making haste to be well represented there, it lies with American beauties, and our women are the most beautiful in the world, to make the whole enterprise the most finished success of modern times. They may put \$100,000,000 in the hands of the Centennial Commission without any trouble on their part, and with great joy and satisfaction to their admirers. The New York *Graphic* makes the following proposition: In this country there is at least one million of lovers, each of whom are ready to do battle, with fist, pistol and pocket, to establish the fact that his beloved is the fairest among women. Our proposition is that in each city, town and village, the beauty of the most fair shall be established by ballot, each voter paying a certain sum for the privilege of casting his ballot. — The money thus collected, in any case where it amounts to \$100 or more, shall be sent to the *Graphic*, which in turn will place it in the hands of the Centennial Commission, and publish the portrait of the successful beauty from the photograph accompanying the draft. From one million of pretty girls \$100,000,000 will thus accrue to this great enterprise, and their beauty, unlike that of Helen of old, instead of setting the nations by the ears, will promote peace and the industries. — Here is a chance for the beaux to show their gallantry and do a patriotic deed. (Who will be the first in the field for love and beauty?—*Haverhill Plaindealer.*)

We learn from the best authority, that the Special Committee in the Pritchard-Culbertson case have agreed upon their report, which will be submitted to the House this morning. They have finally determined the contest in favor of the sitting member, Mr. Culbertson, Republican, against the contestant, Mr. Pritchard, who is a Democrat. In deciding this case, the Committee found from the testimony laid before them, that Mr. Pritchard had received nine more illegal votes than Mr. Culbertson, thus making the latter's majority eleven, instead of two, as previously reported by the officers of the election. —*Yeoman, 16th.*

Ex-Attorney General Williams argued in effect last week, at the Babcock trial, that the defendant should be acquitted because, if found guilty, he would also degrade Gen. Grant. Landauet Williams partly speaks the truth. People generally believe that Gen. Grant's reputation is also at stake in this trial, but they do not believe that Babcock should be spared on that account.

THE HERALD.

BARRETT & BONNER, Publishers.

JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21, 1876.

Yesterday was Washington's birthday, or as some of our exchanges say, "Birthington's Wash-day."

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

The proposed Lincoln National Monument, which is to be seventy feet in height, with six equestrian and thirty-one pedestrial statues: not less than nine feet high; the statue of Lincoln, which is to crown the monument, is to be 12 feet high, in a setting posture. At the head of the equestrians will be GRANT, and in front of the truly royal pedestrians will be HENRY WARD BEECHER. We would suggest that the castings of the statues be deferred for a few months, as perhaps a change of drapery would be necessary to make the attendant figures true to life. It would not look so well to see a penitentiary convict robed in military uniform or clerical cloth, when the striped regulation dress of the penitentiary would be more becoming. These are times in which wonderful things are developing, and it is nothing remarkable to note the metamorphosis daily taking place—the jacksaws crawling out of lion's skin and the wolfing aside the sheep's covering. The lamented LEXCOLN would shed tears of shame and humiliation, were he to know he was to be surrounded by such a questionable set of heroes and saints.

IMPEACHMENT.

In the Mississippi House of Representatives, CARDOZA, Superintendent of Education, was impeached by a vote of one hundred and one to four; all of the Republicans voting for his impeachment.

Formal articles of impeachment were also presented against DAVIS, the negro Lieut. Governor, and adopted with but seven dissenting votes.

The investigating committee in AMES' case, the Governor, have concluded taking testimony, and will report soon. The testimony will develop charges of a serious nature not heretofore known.

Mississippi has awakened from her lethargy, and has commenced to realize the beautiful and glorious dream of future happiness and usefulness, and has taken the sweeping step to rid herself of the carnivorous vampires that have so long revelled boldly in the blackest crimes and most revolting wrong-doings. There is a bright future for the land of statesmen, flowers and the sun. The Phoenix has arisen from the fiery urn of Radicalism, and her bright plumaged wings will essay her to the brightest pinnacle of national glory. Thy wrongs have been great, but thy redresses in the future will fully compensate for the past.

THE SITUATION.

Few take in the enormity of the sums the Government has been deprived of by the rascality of those who have been appointed to positions of trust, regardless of qualities of mind or heart. Qualifications are overlooked or disregarded by the appointing power, and men are rarely selected for their worth and integrity; but from purely personal—mercenary motives—while the claims of men of talent and honor, whose services would be exclusively for the good of the country, are ignored. Party fanaticism, or rather consanguinity, are the only qualities recognized, and the nation is virtually ruled by one family, the head of which is the autocrat at Washington, whose commands are law, regardless of the restrictions placed around him by his oath and the Constitution. The satraps of this man have used every illegal means to keep themselves in power—beggaring the people and impoverishing the States over which they stretch an iron sceptre, and grow rich out of the misfortunes of those over whom they have been placed by fraud and violence; and the lesser luminaries, who revolve around the great centre-light, are sweeping over the country, devouring everything in their reach, and defrauding the government—the people—out of millions of dollars, which should have gone as intended toward lessening the stupendous debt of the country, a debt whose gigantic proportions are frightful in their magnitude; and to reduce this mountain that is crushing the Republic, the only remedy is to place the Democracy in power, who will put an end to the stealing of public money, reduce the expenditures in all branches of the general government, and reduce the taxes in proportion to the amounts that have been stolen by the Republican party, instead of being placed in the treasury and judiciously expended.

KIDNAPPED.

A Child Stolen from the Arms of Its Mother and Carried Away to Colorado.

[From the Calhoun Progress, 16th.]

A case of kidnapping occurred in this county on Monday last, which, in the community, at least, lays the Charlie Ross sensation completely in the shade. To place the matter understandingly before our readers, we will have to revert back a few years. Some three years ago Mr. Americus Underwood, the principal in the affair we are about to relate, wooed and married a daughter of Mr. Abraham Vancleave, of this county. The fruits of this union were a pair of lovely twin sons, now about eighteen months old. The husband is said to have proven a worthless, imprudent character, failing to provide even the necessities of life for his family. Sometime last fall he took the mother and her babies to her father's, and took himself off to Colorado, leaving her whom he had sworn to "love, cherish and protect," together with her babies, wholly upon the charities of her father. Of all this there probably would have been no complaint, but to cap the climax, on Monday last the fiend, accompanied by two of his brothers, suddenly made his appearance at the residence of Mr. Vancleave, and requested to see his wife and children. The request was granted, and, after talking with the family a few minutes, he left his brothers to entertain Mr. Vancleave and the others, walked out into the yard where the children were and coolly picked up one of the twins, put it under his overcoat, mounted his horse and fled from the just wrath that he knew was sure to follow. The mother, perhaps, mistrusting his motives and on the alert, was the first to discover the purpose of the rascal, then just in the act of mounting his horse. Mr. Vancleave hastened to the stable, mounted a horse and followed in pursuit until the animal completely gave out, when he was compelled to abandon the chase. Yesterday Mr. Vancleave came to town and took out warrants for all the parties, and, in company with Sheriff White, started in pursuit of them. They reached Riley's Station, on the E. O. & N. R. R., a few minutes after Underwood and one of his brothers, with the babe, had taken the train for Owensboro. Not being able to get to Owensboro by land on account of the water, they awaited the return of the train. Dan Underwood returned on the train, but jumped off on the opposite side, and, under cover of the darkness, made his escape. Sheriff White, however, succeeded in arresting Wilson Underwood, who is now under bond to appear for trial next Saturday.

Americus Underwood and the child are probably now on their way to Colorado. Had the circumstances been different, the love of the father for his child might, perhaps, have mitigated the enormity of the affair, but, from what we have been able to learn, it can but be looked upon as a monstrous act.

The child was illy clad for the exposure it was subjected to, and is said to have been very sick when taken on board the train. It is sincerely to be hoped that the little innocent may soon again be restored to the arms of its mother, whose anguish of heart none, other than a mother under similar circumstances, can know.

HON. JOHN YOUNG BROWN.

His Announcement that He is not a Candidate for Re-election to Congress from the Second District.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10, 1876. To the Democrats of the Second Congressional District of Kentucky:

It has long been known to some of my friends that I did not desire to be returned to congress, and I deem it proper I should now make public announcement of the fact that I shall not be a candidate for re-election. This determination is not anticipated by more than three or four of my constituents, but has been reached by me after full reflection as to what was my duty. Considerations purely domestic in their character have controlled my action in this matter.

I assure you, my fellow-citizen, that I am profoundly grateful for the repeated manifestations of your confidence and for the honors you have conferred upon me. Every position ever asked by me at your hands you have generously given me.

I am proud to believe that my conduct as your representative has received your approbation. My votes have always been for the reform of what I believe to be existing evils in the Government and for the strictest economy in the public expenditures. They shall continue unwaveringly in that direction.

With renewed assurances of my enduring gratitude for your partiality and kindness, I am truly your obedient servant,

JOHN YOUNG BROWN.

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MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE

Titus Bennett, Admr., Plaintiff } Equity
Against
Titus Bennett's Heirs, Defts }

All persons having claims against the estate of Titus Bennett, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Kentucky, on or before the 15th day of April, next.

E. R. MURRELL, M. C. O. C. C. n-4-3-m.

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE

Andrew Crow's Admr., Plaintiff } Equity
Against
Andrew Crow's Heirs, Defts }

All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Crow, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Kentucky, on or before the 15th day of April, next.

E. R. MURRELL, M. C. O. C. C. n-4-3-m.

MRS. WARFIELD'S NEW BOOKS

New Books just ready, by author of "The Household of Bouverie."

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THE HOUSEHOLD OF BOUVERIE.

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The above SIX NEW BOOKS are written by the popular Southern Authoress Mrs. Catherine A. Warfield, formerly of Mississippi, but now of Louisville, Ky., and author of the world-wide noted work, "The Household of Bouverie," which is one of the best and most extraordinary novels ever published. The above six books are each issued in one large duodecimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, full gilt back and side, price \$1.75 each, or \$10.50 for a complete set of the six volumes, put up in a neat style and strong box.

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A HOME PAPER

FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Will always contain the news of the County in a Brief and Condensed form. Now is the time to

GIVE US YOUR AID.

And thus enable us to make it one of the best papers in the Country.

As an advertising medium, the HERALD is unsurpassed by any journal in the Green River Country. Its circulation is equal to any country paper in the State, and finds its way in nearly every household in the county.

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Of the HERALD is in every respect complete, and as neat job work can be done here as in the cities.

Sustain your County Paper.

'OLD HUNDRED'

THE Courier-Journal.

For the Centennial Year.

1876!!

During all the century of our national existence, no one year has perhaps embodied so much of interest and importance as will be compassed within the twelve months of the Centennial Anniversary. The year 1876 witnesses in the popular Congressional body the return to power of the great National Democracy which will be watched with intense interest in its every movement. The great Centennial Exposition, illustrating and emphasizing every phase of the nation's progress, side by side with the developments of universal civilization, will afford a constant fund of incident and information, which, to the great mass of the people, can only be reflected by the newspaper of broad scope and commanding resources. The Presidential contest of the year, with the great diversity of interests and opinions, and the anomalous alignment of men and parties, and sections, will be fought with a skill, energy and weariness only equaled by the momentous results depending upon the great struggle.

An era so full of interest signals the extraordinary need of all the people for means of information and instruction, and stimulates the press to its highest possibilities. Conscious of this need, and in ready response to it, the management of the

LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL.

Is determined that its Forty-sixth year shall more than maintain its supremacy as the great newspaper of the West and South.

The COURIER-JOURNAL combines the experience, ability and material resources of three old time Louisville newspapers of national repute—the Louisville Courier, Louisville Journal and Louisville Democrat—and is fortified in the respect and confidence resulting from nearly half a century of their individual and combined success. Its thoroughly independent Democratic position will be fully maintained, and all its departments will be most carefully prepared. It gives, in the course of a year, several attractive serial novels, romances, &c., written expressly for its columns; its telegraphic summary faithfully reflects all the news of the world; able special correspondents write from all the great capitals; the financial and commercial reports are copious and trustworthy; the agricultural department is becoming more and more complete and interesting; the Patrons of Husbandry have in the COURIER-JOURNAL the advantage of a great newspaper; published in the city of their National Headquarters, with a grange department written by a member of the order, whose devotion, ability and prudence are universally acknowledged; wit, satire, gossip and paragraphic pungency are represented in many varied departments.

The COURIER-JOURNAL is submitted to the people as embracing a combination of all the conservative elements which have joined hands over the altar of the Constitution in forming a great, national, Democratic party. It is also presented as the largest, liveliest and cheapest newspaper in America. No other paper published in the South or Southwest can approach it in these respects.

For the truth of these assertions, the reader is simply requested to compare the COURIER-JOURNAL, line by line and column by column, with any other newspaper south of the Ohio river. If the result is not found to leave a balance in its favor, we will not urge the point. Our aim is to produce the best article on the market and to sell it cheapest. The law of trade applies not less to newspapers than to other articles of every-day life. We look to the unvarying rule of this great common law for our success—By giving the public the largest, liveliest, freshest, cheapest and most representative press, the COURIER-JOURNAL expects to surpass all rivalry in circulation and influence.

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President Courier-Journal Company,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Louisville, Paducah & Southwestern.

The down train for Paducah leaves Louisville, daily except Sunday at 8:45 a. m. and arrives at
Cecilian Junction at 11:25 a. m.
Grayson Springs at 12:35 p. m.
Leitchfield at 12:45 "
Millwood at (Dinner) 1:05 "
Beaver Dam at 2:50 "
Rockport at 3:20 "
Owensboro Junction at 3:47 "
Greenville at 4:07 "
Kortonsville Junction at 5:00 "
Paducah at 5:00 "

The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. and arrives at
Kortonsville Junction at 7:45 a. m.
Greenville at 9:02 "
Owensboro Junction at 9:23 "
Rockport at 9:55 "

Refer to George W. Burt.

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Boots and Shoes. Clothing, Cassimeres and Trimmings a specialty. Best brands of Jeans always on hand. I will sell for cash, wool, feathers, eggs or butter. Will also cut and make clothing in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms. Remember the place—Market street, next door to Hartford House.

22-n1-6-m

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

A. P. Baird's Admr., Plaintiff } Equity
Against
A. P. Baird's Heirs, Defendant }

All persons having claims against the estate of Allison Porter Baird, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Kentucky, on or before the 1st day of November, next, or they will be barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M. C. O. C. C. Oct. 20th, 1875.

SEWING MACHINES.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the Ladies of

HARTFORD and VICINITY,

that they can have their

Sewing Machines

properly adjusted, at any time, and on reasonable terms, by leaving them at the

CROW HOUSE, IN HARTFORD,

—OR—

DAVID L. BARNETT'S, BUCK HORN,

I will also exchange new Wood or Remington machines for second-hand machines of any kind.

I have on hand a few second-hand machines, in good order, for sale very low.

J. F. RICE.



AGRICULTURAL.

PATRON OF HUSBANDRY.

Growth of the Order During the Past Year.

The growth of the order for the past year is in the highest degree satisfactory. The total number of Granges that have organized to date may not reach the figures of the enthusiastic and unreflecting members who based their estimates upon the record of 1874, but it exceeds that of the more thoughtful, who looked, and almost in vain, for new fields of work. There are no means of knowing, positively, but the most careful estimates that can be made, place the total membership of the order, at the present time, at 1,440,000—double that of 1874. This increase of strength comes mainly from imitations, (though the addition by organization of new Granges is no small fraction) and means that the order has been tried, and found to be good. The organization of Granges proved merely that something was demanded differing from what the farmers had. The number organized showed merely how wide spread was the dissatisfaction at the old order of things. The Grange was an experiment, and nothing more. Despite their enthusiasm at the unprecedented success which has thus far crowned their efforts, the leaders of the movement could not but feel at the last convention anxiety for the future. Their responsibility was far greater than they had expected, and the members had a right to demand of them results which would be commensurate. No such feelings will be entertained at the coming session of the National Grange. The addition during the past year of nearly half a million to membership in old Granges, shows that the movement is no longer an experiment, but a solid and substantial success. For it must be remembered that these additions have not been made upon the strength of brilliant promises held out by fluent speakers, nor from enthusiasm that hailed any change as possible productive of something better, but that they have been made solely from observation in persons outside the gates of the benefits accruing to those within the order.

The growth of the order in membership is a subject for congratulation in the characters of the new members. During the past year a higher standard has been required of candidates, and none have been admitted whose whole work could not be given to its objects. It has been demanded that the applicant be more than an enthusiastic friend and well-wisher; he must by one that can give material assistance as well as aid and comfort. More than this—the new members are mainly those conservative farmers who could afford to wait and see what came of it. Without reflecting upon the old members, to whom all honor should be awarded as pioneers and guides who broke the way for other to tread, it may be said that the additions have given weight and stability which were essential to perfect success. These were men who always counted the success of every undertaking. When their hand was upon the plow they never turned back. Hard to move, but persistent when once started, they form an indispensable reserve against which opposition from without and within will be dashed to pieces. Never before was the prospect so cheering. All the prophecies of disruption have come to naught. The dangers that threaten the stability of the order have in a great measure passed away; and with the same wise management that has, all things considered been the order of the past year, its future is brilliant with promise.

Sheep as Land Cleaners.
Colman's Rural World says, many seem to think that the only advantage of sheep are in their wool-producing properties, forgetting that they multiply with great rapidity, doubling the flock annually, and, in this climate, taking care mainly of themselves, if good winter pastures and proper shelters are afforded.

There is, however, another use for sheep, found by experience to be of great advantage in good farming. They are the best weed exterminators a farmer can have. They keep the pasture free from those pests of the farm.

The late Richard Gentry, of Pettis county, Missouri, had a farm of seven thousand acres, and not a weed could be found upon it. It was the talk of

the country, and the writer went some distance to see it, and, if possible, to work out the secret connected with the matter. He soon saw through it all clearly. Mr. Gentry kept several thousand Merino sheep. These he transferred from field to field, as he saw proper, and they nibbled down the weeds, and kept the pastures free of them.

But, in clearing land, sheep are still more valuable. They will keep down the sprouts and shrubs much better than men can do with the best tools. They give them no rest. As soon as a new bud or leaf shows itself it is nipped off. Hazel, sassafras, sumach—everything is compelled to surrender. They give them no chance for life—no quarter. Every time they make an effort for new life they are remorselessly cut down. If farmers want to clear land, or free it from weeds and sprouts and foul growth, sheep are their best chance for a cheap and perfect accomplishment of the work.

The Philosophy of Hoeing.

It may be overdone or underdone. There is reason in everything, "even in hoeing crops," as the saying is. So in hoeing crops. If we hoe up the earth in large lumps, as we are apt to do with the very serviceable modern prong hoes, we let the keen, dry air into contact with the startling but enfeebled roots, and by their parching, an irreparable injury is done. Such lumps should be crushed down so as to be permeable to air throughout and yet serve to protect roots from its free sweep. But as in avoiding Scylla we may run to wreck on Charybdis, so in crushing the soil we make it too fine, in which case the first heavy rain will run the surface together in a crust impenetrable to the air, and for want of enough of air, so essential to active root action, growth will be checked until the hoe or its equivalent is used again to break up and open the surface crust. Some soils have such a texture as to prevent this packing effect of rains, in which case they are apt to produce more than far richer soils which "run." A surface dressing or mulch of vegetable matter, or the shallow working in of manure, greatly favors the productiveness of such fine, compacting soils, which with vigilant summer hoeing will yield more than any coarser soils can.

Every Farmer Should Do His Own Thinking.

The Country Gentleman very truthfully says that it is only within a recent period perhaps—at least as compared with the epoch of positive assertion, thirty or forty years ago—that we have found out in farming how completely truth too boldly asserted becomes falsehood, how many qualifications and limitations theories must be hedged about, and what folly it is to lay down any dogma for the universal acceptance of all. And, as a natural consequence in our agricultural literature, the tendency is no longer to pronounce upon this or that practice as right or wrong in itself, but to elicit from those who are successful, the modes by which and the circumstances under which success was reached, and then to leave each other to judge for himself to how great an extent a similar course of action would suit his own case, and wherein it might be hazardous to his interests. What we ask, in a word, is the experience of others—what we wish to teach, that each should think for himself.

Crushed Bones for Poultry.

As hens, turkeys, geese and ducks are not provided with incisor, canine or molar teeth, it is folly to feed bones to them unless the hard substances are first reduced to small fragments.

Fresh bones are valuable feed for poultry of any sort, provided the fragments are so small that they can swallow them. Once in the crop of a fowl, bits of bones will soon be changed into soft and palatable food. Our own practice is to have a dish in the kitchen specially to receive the bones that are purchased with the beefsteak, mutton and other meat. Then every day these pieces are added to a chopping block, and, with an old ax, having a sharp, cutting edge, they are crushed with the head of the ax and cut into pieces not larger than kernels of Indian corn. The fowls devour them with a ravenous appetite. Bones are worth more to feed fowls than the same number of pounds of prime grains.

For a chopping block, a small log about two feet long, with square ends, is placed on the ends, as the end of a block is far better for such a purpose than the side of a log. Bones are usually cast out of the back door or in a barrel to feed worthless dogs. But if prepared for fowls as suggested, every pound is worth two or three cents, which will be returned generously in the form of luscious eggs and juicy meat for the table.

—New York Herald.

J. T. CARSON. R. J. DANIEL.
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CARSON, DANIEL & CO.,
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RUFER'S HOTEL
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(EUROPEAN PLAN.)
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
ROOMS AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY
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to all who send for it. It is
the only one of its kind, and
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every farmer and stock
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cheap, and in all kinds of coffin trimmings,
constant on hand and for sale.
Keep a fine hearse always ready to attend
funerals free of charge to our patrons.

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We are also prepared to do all kinds of wood
work, such as making and repairing wagons,
buggies, &c., on short notice and in as good
style and at as low prices as our Granger
friends could ask.
We desire your patronage, and guarantee
satisfaction.
MAUZY & HURT.

FIRST
New Goods
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SEASON,

WM. H. WILLIAMS,
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Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizen
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Receiving Daily,
THE LATEST NOVELTIES
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Hardware, Queensware.

Staple and
FANCY GROCERIES,
Also dealer in
Leaf Tobacco,

I will sell very low for cash, or exchange
for all kinds of country produce. My motto
is "Quick sales and small profits." nol 1y



We do not like to blow our own trumpet so
we have engaged our printer to do it for us.
The likeness is strikingly, if not entirely ac-
curate. It will be noticed that he is blowing
very hard, so much so that the photographer
became alarmed for his personal safety, fear-
ing that the printer might burst asunder and
demolish everything within range, but to the
printer assured him that he could not blow on
Tracy & Son's work too hard. They could
stand a great deal of wind, and in that he was
right. If our work will not bear examination
we would not want it talked about.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARTFORD HOUSE,
L. J. LYON, Propr.
HARTFORD, KY.
I have recently rented the above House, and
the best eating the market affords, and every
attention will be paid to those who may please
to give me their patronage.

A Good Feed Stable

is connected with the House, and stock can be
well provided for. Respectfully,
L. J. LYON.

Hartford House

is situated in the business portion of town.
Nice rooms can be furnished in which to dis-
play their samples.

My table will at all times be provided with
the best eating the market affords, and every
attention will be paid to those who may please
to give me their patronage.

BIG CLIFTY HOTEL,
BIG CLIFTY, KY.

This hotel is situated on the Louisville, Pad-
ucah and Southern Railroad, and the day
train from Paducah to Louisville stops here for
dinner. Ample time is given passengers to eat,
and a first-class dinner is furnished for only
50 cents. **SAUEL GOODMAN, Prop.**

MILLWOOD HOTEL,
MILLWOOD, KY.

H. K. WELLS, - - - Propr.

The day train from Louisville to Paducah
stops for dinner at this place. Passengers will
find a good dinner for the small sum of 50 cts.
The trains stop long enough to give passen-
gers sufficient time to eat.

WETH THOMAS
CLOCKS.

If you want a good clock at a moderate
price, send for our new illustrated price list
of Seth Thomas clocks. Clocks securely packed
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of price and fifty cents additional for express
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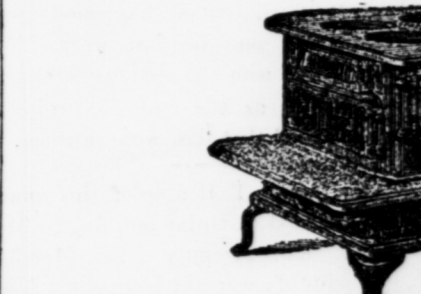
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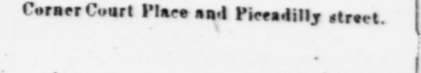
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